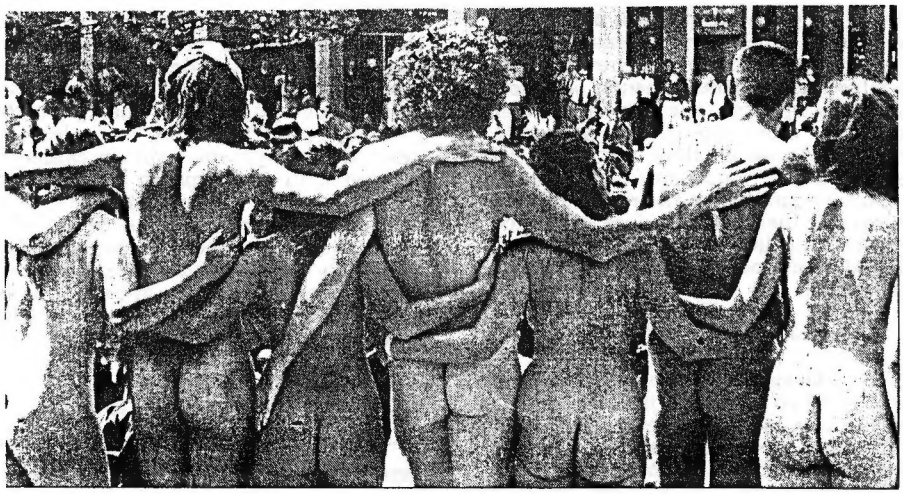

CLAY GEERDES' COMIX WAVE 128
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THE NAKED AND THE NUDE

And, yes, there are nude people in Berkeley. All of us, as a matter of fact. But last week a group showed up on the steps of Sproul Hall, sacred since the Free Speech Movement of 1964, and exhibit their alls and sundries to the Evian and quiche crowd sitting around on the steps of the Student Union Building. The male and female exhibitionists called themselves the **X-plicit Players.** They were not busted because the campus cops do not bust naked people unless someone calls in a complaint and no one did. Too bad. It would have been fun to think about the stories they would have had to tell when they showed up with a paddywagon filled with naked students. All John Does, of course, because where would they have kept their IDs? Nudism is nothing new around here. There were nude-ins back in the sixties, some of them sponsored by outfits like the **Sexual Freedom League**, but a lot of them spontaneous responses to the summer sun. I can't think of a be-in or love-in in Provo or Golden Gate Park where there weren't some nude people dancing around in front of the bandstand. A lot of those happy stoned people must have suffered some serious sunburn. There have been nude beaches around herE for some years. San Gregorio and Black's [near San Diego] as well as Stinson over in Marin, but on campus nudity? Well, if it catches on, I suspect it will be good for camcorder sales. I didn't see the news slips of that nude-in by the **X-plicits**, but I'm told it ran. I doubt that the networks passed on anything but a few quick bun shots, but you never know. I can only remember one time when I ever saw an actual dick on national Tv. It was during that controversy over women reporters being allowed in the locker rooms after football games. A channel four reporter [male] was in the locker room at Candlestick after a game asking for opinions and the camera was loose and behind the reporter was this big black football player drying himself with a towel. The cameraman tightened up the shot in a few seconds, but they were live and I suspect one player's family had some explaining to do to the little ones that night. Ah, what can I tell you? We live in a world where it's okay for Madonna to play with her genitals on MTV as long as they are covered with a teddy, but football players are all warned before every televised game to be sure they don't touch certain areas of their body. Bill Cosby did a routine about this on one of his first comedy albums. He played for Temple.

Nota Bene: A 19-year-old junior named Andrew Martinez attended classes in the nude for nearly two weeks and no one filed a complaint. His profs said nothing. A woman in one of his classes said "...well, I just don't exactly look at him. But I think it's kind of cute." It? What's this it? Andy's parents live in Cupertino, a posh beach resort town down the Coast. He said he fought with them about his nudity and ended up moving out. He has been arrested a couple of times, once for jogging in his clogs and backpack near College Avenue and his Mom called him up and said she thought it was time for them to talk. Andy is supported by the Western Sunbathing Association and is quite canded about his nude persona. He's about 6'3". Not someone you would be likely to miss. Reminds me of that episode of **MONTY PYTHON** wherein John Cleese is teaching sex to a class of students. Ends up with him having sex with a woman on top of his desk in front of the class while people whisper about their assignments or nod off from boredom. But this nudity craze may spread. My spies tell me there are a couple of women going about Berkeley *sans* tops. I mentioned this to a woman the other night and she told me she often rode her bicycle topless. Men, of course, have gone topless for years. Kirk Douglas in Spartacus. Arnie Schwartzenegger in countless grunt and groaners. Tourism, I read in the local hypesheet, is down 30% around here due to the recent race riots; maybe nudism will bring back the customers.

It's true what Andy Warhol, the only artist ever quoted in the Reagan era said, but when you get your fifteen minutes you're going to be reduced to a photo op and a soundbite, and they're going to be the truth about you long after you're gone. In the eighties television reached critical mass, reached the saturation point. It was no longer only the thing that takes the place of the fireplace, the thing we gather round to hear of myth and story; TV had by the eighties become not the final arbiter of reality, but reality itself. We are no longer obsessed with television we are addicted to it (half the people in the stadium watch the game on the monitors, half the people at the convention watch the demonstration on the monitors). It isn't enough that they're experiencing it; it isn't real unless it's ratified, and television is the ratifier.

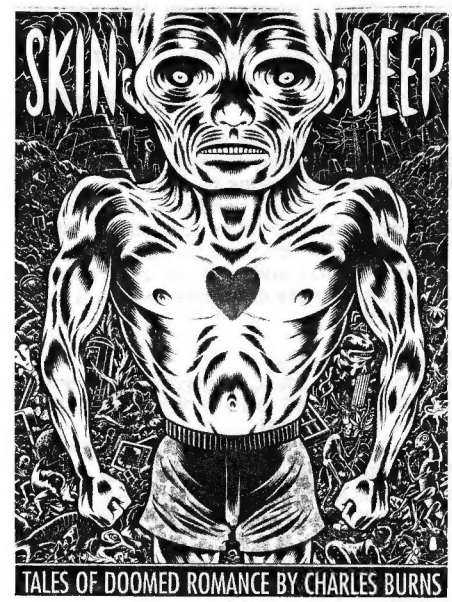
Peggy Noonan
What I Saw at the Revolution
A Political Life in the Reagan Era,1990.

In case you thought Berkeley was the hotbed of teen angst and anarchy, check out the cover of **EL VIBORA 151** whereon a pair of subteen punks flip the birdie to an officer of the Policia Nacional. A Freak Brothers story and a new grossout by **SQUEAK THE MOUSE**. $10 pp from J. M. Berengueuer, Plaza Beatas 3, Barcelona, Spain. Another orgiastic issue of that totally unabashed hardcore sex comic **KISS** [#10] is avaailable for $10 from the same address. Adults only for all underground comix.

CEREBUS 162 continues Dave Sim's Mothers and Daughters series. Check your local store.

Joe Bob Briggs takes on the Men's Movement in **IRON JOE BOB**, a new book. $19 for an autographed copy from POB 2002, Dallas, TX 75221. Send three more bucks and get the latest copy of **WE ARE THE WEIRD.**

Penguin has just released Charles Burns' new paperback **SKIN DEEP: TALES OF DOOMED ROMANCE**. reprinted are "Dog Days," "Burn Again," and "A Marriage Made in Hell," three stories which were serialized in the past couple of years. Locally, I saw them in the East Bay **EXPRESS.**



Patrice Apodaca did an article about Malibu Comics called **ADVENTURE CAPITALISTS** in the Los Angeles **TIMES** for October 13, 1992. It was in the Valley Business mag. Basically a puff piece for the new line of books created by Image Comics. Contains a bio of Scott Rosenberg who founded Malibu in 1986.

Send Ritchie Prosch $1/stamp and get **FARM BOY FUNNIES 3 and 4**. 305 Pinehaven, Laurens, SC 29360. Ritchie's cartooning for the local paper and learning about Southern politics.

I would not expect substantial changes under a Clinton administration. These policies of trying to maintain the third world as a kind of private corporate free-fire zone--a high repression and cheap labor region which provides resources and investment opportunities and markets--those are bipartisan policies which go back very, very far...in fact, to the origins of our republic in many ways. What we have to do is carry out significant domestic changes which will lead to democratization internally. We are a very free society in many respects. The most free country in the world. In free speech for example, or in the limits of the state to coerce. On the other hand, in other respects, we just don't have a functioning democracy. This current political campaign is a perfectly good example. What we have is: the public is given a choice between two representatives of essentially the same business interests who differ marginally on tactics and policies, but even then, not very substantially. Perot is a *maverick* who comes from the outside, but who obviously represents those same business interests except he happens to be an individual. There's very little public input into the political system. Furthermore, this is a matter of principal. This kind of doctrinal framework has been very well described, perhaps most clearly by Walter Lippman, the Dean of American journalists and the leading progressive democratic theorist. He laid it out very candidly, He said that in a democratic society the people have a role: their role is to be spectators who every couple of years are given the opportunity to lend their weight behind one or another member of the leadership class, and then they are supposed to go home and be spectators again. That's pretty much the way it works. And if it works that way we will have democratic forms but not a functioning democracy.

--Noam Chomsky

Sometimes I think we would have done a lot better by getting them hooked on our life-style than by trying to do it with guns. Give them credit cards. Make them dependent on television and sugar. Blue jeans works better than bombs. You can take blue jeans and rock 'n' roll records and win over more countries than you can with soldiers.

-Reginald Edwards
BLOODS: AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE VIETNAM WAR BY BLACK VETERANS. [Ed Wallace Terry, 1984]

This White House is like a beautiful clock that makes all the right sounds, but when you open it up, there is nothing inside.

Peggy Noonan
What I Saw at the Revolution
A Political Life in the Reagan Era, 1990.

Lots of people avoid political discussion because it forces them to examine not only their assumptions about present social/economic arrangements, but their complicity in them. The dishonest avoid political discussion by diverting attention to what they are likely to describe as their opponents bad manners or their *negativity*, or their discomfiting passion, or their simple failure to be Nice Persons, the last the sine qua non of *liberal* Mendocino County political discussion.

Bruce Anderson
Anderson Valley Advertiser

...the president's top aides who planned the day, were no longer just part of the story--it was as if they were the producers of the story. They were the line producers of a show called **WHITE HOUSE** with Ronald Reagan as the President. And this wasn't particular to that White House, *it was simply a trend that achieved its fullness in the Reagan era.*

Peggy Noonan
What I Saw at the Revolution
A Political Life in the Reagan Era, 1990.

BY CLAY GEERDES

THE SLEEPY LITTLE ENGINE. A children's story to be read to kids with trains on the brain.
$2.50 pp.

ESSAYS: VOLUME ONE. A group of essays about my early life for those readers who have always wondered who the hell Clay Geerdes is and what he is really like.
$3.50 pp.

ESSAYS: VOLUME TWO. More general essays, a couple of which have appeared in COMIX WAVE or elsewhere.
$3.50 pp.

Together with the teaching in the schools, the national media preserve the myths that the society deems precious, reassuring their patrons that all is well, that the American truths remain securely in place, that the banks are safe, our generals competent, our presidents interested in the common welfare, our artists capable of masterpieces, our weapons invincible, and our democratic institutions the wonder of the admiring world. By telling their audiences what they assume they already know, the news media reflect what the society at the moment wants to believe about itself.

Lewis Lapham
Harper's, September, 1992.

HOW THE PAINTED SEE THE PAINTER

...I realized all of a sudden that these men who painted women, who talked about objectivity and observation, the truth of the moment, the truth of a feeling--were not recording the external world at all. All they were doing was revealing, time and again, the needs and anxieties of their own natures. However much they dressed it up afterwards and talked about Art, all that they were doing was painting women who ceased to exist as women the minute they mounted the dais. Once captured on canvas these women, whether they are sulky, provocative, vulnerable or devouring--have no personality of their own. A woman, for a painter, is not the blessed Muse; she is simply a suitable and saleable receptacle for the rag-bag of worries that every man carries with him like a child carried an old blanket.

-SARAH BAYLIS
-UTRILLO'S MOTHER

The television ad used to be a microcosm of the movie. Now the movie is a microcosm of the ad!
Today a popstar, tomorrow a soft drink!

¡Ntellectual Relish — *by Emm Ess*

IT WAS A SMALL NEWS CLIPPING THAT I CAN NO LONGER LOCATE, SO SOME OF THE DETAILS ARE SKETHY BUT A CELEBRATION WAS IN PROGRESS.
THE HONORED GUESTS WERE RE-KNOWNED MODERN ARTISTS, ANDY WARHOL AND SALVADOR DALI. IT MAY HAVE BEEN A MUTUAL BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION BECAUSE THE CLIMAX OF THE EVENING WAS TO BE AN EXCHANGE OF GIFTS BE-TWEEN THE TWO.
THE GROWING ANTICIPATION A-ROUND THE UNVEILING OF THE GIFTS WAS LIKE AN ELECTRIC CURRENT BUILDING IN THE ROOM. ANDY WARHOL WAS FIRST TO PRE-SENT MR. DALI WITH A TOKEN OF HIS ADMIRATION AND ES-TEEM.
THE GIFT WAS ONE OF ANDY'S TRADEMARK, BIG, BEAUTIFUL, 'JUST SO' PAINTINGS AND THE OOZE AND AWES ROSE DRA-MATICALLY IN THE ROOM.
EETEEZ PERFECT, NO?!
SALVADOR DALI GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED THE GIFT AND IN TURN PRESENTED ANDY WITH TWO, LARGE, PLASTIC BAGS FULL OF GARBAGE FROM MR. DALI'S ART STUDIO.
AN EXPRESSION OF SMUG EXPECTATION FELL FROM WARHOL'S FACE AND HIT THE FLOOR WITH A STUNNING SI-LENCE. THE GUESTS, FOLLOW-ED ON CUE BUT FOR A FLUTTER OF ALCOHOLIC SNICKERS.
SALVADOR DALI THEN TURN-ED AND SNAPPED THE CROWD OUT OF IT'S STUPOR WITH HIS ANIMATED ORCHESTRATION OF THE FESTIVITIES. ANDY REMAINED HURT AND RESENT-FUL.
DURING A REFLECTIVE MOMENT, DALI WONDERED IF PERHAPS HE HADN'T THROWN AWAY SOME IN-CRIMINATING ITEMS. WARHOL, TEARING INTO A BAG, FOUND HIM-SELF OVERWHELMED BY THE PER-SONAL AND REVEALING NATURE, OF HIS GIFT OF GAR-BAGE.